Here begynneth the enterlude of Johan the Euangelyst.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Saynt Johan the Euangelyst.

Domine ante te omne desiderium meum
Et gemitus meus non est absconditus
The swetest lyfe souerayn in this worlde who som
Is to haue meditacyon of our lorde Jesus
Very contemplatyue god / worshypped thus
Bethynkyng in the soule / without any speche
God tendeth ryght more the prayer with the hert of vs
Than the prayer of the mouth / the texte dothe teche
In medytacyon who so hath forfence
The mouthe can not expresse the thoughtes of the herte
That holyest fruycyon is of so hye intellygence
As it rauyshet the soule in to a blessed deserte
It keleth no erthly thyng vnto the tyme it reuerte
Thus fared Magdaleyne whan Martha complayned
She herde her not / in god her herte was so experte
For the aungell at the sepulcre / loue so her constrayned
The cause why I reherce you the holy medytacyon
For it is myne exercyse expresse
Who so wyll labour in this / must se his habytacyon
Be solytary in soule / of great quyetnesse
Therfore euer to the churche I do me dresse
Rest / reuerence / and worshyp ther in shulde be
With cryeng on Chryst / and our synnes confesse
Beati qui habitant in domo tua domine.

Eugenio.

Qui cum deo patri / graunted by the pope
A thousand foure hundred / and neuer a day lesse
That hath herde this noble sermon / and theron doth hope
A pena et culpa / here I them relesse
Is it not pyte suche a pulpet man to lese
I praye you syr let vs here more of youre pope holynes

For me thynke I haue herde you preche or this at Poules (croſſe
Iriſdiſion.
Whome call you pope holye.
Eugenio.
Suche a foole as thou art that clappeſt euer in diuinite
Iriſdiſion.
All vertues people to commende is my propertie.
Eugenio.
Than is Caton falſe/and that he endytes
For he ſayth (Nec te collaudas/nec te culpaberis ipſe)
Great laudacyons loueth theſe hypocrytes
(Qui ſe colaudat) ꝛc.
No more to you at this tyme
But vnderſtande you this latyne.
Iriſdyſion.
Ue ſyr I trowe.
Eugenio.
Reſponde tunice domine doctor clericorum
But ſyr knowe you any tuſſes of corum.
Iriſdiſion.
Why ſo:
Eugenio.
I kelowe of myne was take with a Cuculorum
For a cupple horſes he ſtale in an euenynge.
Iriſdiſion.
What wolde ye haue me do in that cale.
Eugenio.
Surſum corda for hym to ſynge
Ye ſhulde haue well why.
Iriſdiſion.
I can not ſynge.
Eugenio.

¶ No syr ye shulde but make a sprynge
Under a perche/ lokyng vp towarde the skye.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ Without god be thy frende/ þ same deth shalt thou dye

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Mary I beshrewe his herte that so can prophesye.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ What is thy name?

¶ Eugenio.

¶ I rede.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ Eugenio I trowe the same.

¶ Engenio.

¶ I syr the deuyll stryke of thy hede
Horeson who taught the so ryght to rede
I trowe some yuell spyryte be within the.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ In the cyte of Hierusalem that is so called
I feare thou wylte neuer come to that holy Syone
That with twelue precyous stones is surely walled
Full strayte is the waye thyder to gone
And in to that castell entrynge is none
Without thou acquaynte the With two porters before
Hope is the fyrst/ and Faythe the other one.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Lo so goostely he prateth euermore
We dare not coughe your conscience is so holy
But I pray you shewe me before
Which is the way to yonder castell ye prayse so greatelye.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ Ouer the mede of mekenesse marke thou the waye
Than to the pathe of pacyence shalte thou passe

In to the lande of largenes holde for the laye
And in the laue of belyneſſe loke thou not balſche
Than meaſure in a marſche/a fayre maner haſſe
Reſte there hardely/and abyde all nyght.

Eugenio.

Nay that I wyll not by this lyght
But what calleſt thou this way.

Iriſdiſion.

Via recta/kedyng to lyfe
So Dauid named it in his daye
(Spes mea ſtetit in via recta)

Eugenio.

Palleth all men by this tourneye.

Iriſdiſion.

Nay/and the more pytie verely I laye.

Eugenio.

What be they that goo that waye moſte.

Iriſdiſion.

They that be enſpyred with the holy gooſte
As innocentes and virgins.

Eugenio.

Mary I knowe none ſuche in all this coſte.

Iriſdiſion.

They that goo thyder muſte be(Gratia electi)

Eugenio.

Why is there no other way but this.

Iriſdiſion.

Yes on the lefte ſyde another there is
That is called(Via obliqua et via circularis)

Eugenio.

And whyder draweth this.

Iriſdiſion.

¶ Euen ryght to dethe
Who so walkes that way hym selfe he slethe.

Eugenio.

¶ Syr who gothe that way so yll.

Irisdision.

¶ All they that worketh the deuels wyll
Is (Omnes iniqui in circuitu impii ambulantes.)

Eugenio.

¶ Thou arte a lowler by my trouthe I warrantes
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.

Irisdision.

¶ Syre scoze and odde I saye.

Eugenio.

¶ Than one can not fayle where he go by nyghte oz daye
But may a man go to the stewes that waye
At his pleasure yf he lyste to playe.

Irisdision.

¶ Ye bzynges men to the seete of rufull araye
The lady of confusion lyeth therin
That Babylons is called / she is the ende of all synne.

Eugenio.

¶ Whiche way coste th that countray.

Irisdision.

¶ To an yle in the nozth I saye
(Ab aquilone pandetur omne malum)

Eugenio.

¶ That is the fyzst place that men shulde assays
Whether it be hedged oz walled.

Irisdision.

¶ With bowes and trees it is meruaylously paled
There groweth the elders of enuye
Staked with pryde full hye

And the breres of bakbytyng with wrath wrethed aboute
Full of slouthy bussches and lecherous thornes dry
With glotonous postes/and conetyse rayled throughouts
And at myscheues gate many dothe in ronne.

Eugenio.

And where do they all become.

Iryspyson.

Downe to the dongyon where the deuyll dwelleth
Lucyfer that lothly lorde that is in bale blysses
There is wo vpon wo/as Christ vs telleth
All that may dysease and nothyng please/euer restlesse
There is frosse/there is fyre
Hope is losse and her desyre
There care hath no recouer
Without pytie there is payne
To crye for mercy it is in vayne
For grace is gone for euer
(Finit tormentorum suorum
Ascendit in secula seculorum)
Lo thus hath losse wedded confusyon
Lucefers doughter dampnacyon
In hell to haue herytage
(Septum dominium peccati est mors)

Eugenio.

In fayth that is a knauysche way to walke
Nowe a whyle of some myrthe let vs talke
For I forsake that passage.

Frisdision.

Nowe farewell syr and haue good daye
For I must goo another waye
Forget not my reasons sage.

Eugenio.

What wyll ye goo your way
We haue done a fayre iourney to day
It is tyme for to be walkyng
For I am wery of your talkyng
Lo lyrs he spake full holyly
But yet I beholde hym for all his clergy
He may well be called witlesse syr wyll
For I trowe his brayne is stedfast as a wyndemyll
But nowe well remembred by bokes Antromes
I wolde haue a playster for all harmes
Some fayre wenche to lye in myne armes
That wolde auoyde all strynes
It were to me/administrate nos
Et restaurate nos/also comforrtate nos
We/and somtyme I wyll take mennes wyues
For cokolde makers hath meryer lyues
Than they that do all the coste
As to wedde at the churche doore/and there to be swornе
Perhap her husband shulde haue an hornе
Than may he curse the tyme that euer he was bornе
For all the loue is loste
Clerkes say that of wedlocke god that knot doth knyt
And yet women do venter to breke it
For though theyr soules shulde lye in hell pyt
They wyll vse that sory werke
And yf they so dye
Atropos cometh full sodeynly
And or they beware full slyly
He leadeth them downe in the darke
The curtesye of Englande is ofte to kys
And of it selfe it is lechery where pleasure is
All yonge folke remembre this

Intentio iudicat quenquam
So great delyte thou mayst haue therin
That afore god it is deedly synne
But farewell/yonder cometh syr Wyllyam of trentram.

✠S. Johan the Euangelyste.

That lorde whiche is principall
Conserue and kepe this congregacyon
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall
After that ye do passe with dethes vysytacyon
This prince bryngе you to that holy nacyon
Where loue dothe dwell with virgynyte
And to gyue you playne infyrmacyon
In that realme dwelleth the holy trynyte
I am Johan/that presently dothe apere
Called the grace of god by interpretacyon
And of my doctryne yf ye lyste to here
Wothe can I shewe you of Christes incarnacyon
And of his passyon/for verely I was there
I sawe hym hange on the crosse on hye on hye
His mother and I stode there vnder
And I herde whan he cryed Hely Hely
And sawe Longes smyte his herte a sonder
His lawes to the people wyll I preche
And all that euer do folowe me in peace
The kyngdome of heuen theyr soules shall reche
There hauyng ioye that neuer shall ceasse
But nowe the trowe loue that we shulde to god owe
Men gyueth it to rychesse that is mutable
Full sore they wyll it repente I trowe
That euer they were of mynde so vnstable

If any man wyll haue cychelle goodly
I wyll haskely agayne be here
And therof he shall haue gladly
At all tymes I wyll hym chere
My commynge hyther was for youre furtherannce
And nowe I leaue you in goddes gouernaunce.

Actio.

Nowe mery myght you be
Who was that that called me
So erly to daye
One reseyued me with a bolle of water
Here was a shrewde mater
Sodaynly one to afraye
It was some knane my brother
Beshrewe hym and none other
For that araye
I was faste a slepe
Tyll I felte the wete
Full tyll I laye
He brake myne olde custome
For I wolde haue layne tyll noone
And than haue ryssen to playe
But nowe to the purpose
For by the faythe that nowe gose
I loue to goo gaye
And with other mennes wyues
That be wanton of lyues
Ofte do I ronne awaye
And where so euer I go
One good condycion haue I so
I vse neuer trouthe to saye
Also I haue a great disease yf ye wyll me leue

Euen here syrs in the bottom of my sleue.

Eugenio.

¶ By god syr and I do laye a playster to your cote
I wyll heale it I dare lay a grote.

Actio.

¶ Eugenio/ fro whence come you.

Eugenio.

¶ Fro thence that ye were spoke of ryght nowe
Ye shall haue an offyce.

Actio.

¶ What is that I pray you tell me.

Eugenio.

¶ By my fayth ye shall be hangeman of Calys
Therto ye be appoynted verely.

Actio.

¶ Than the fyrste man that shall be hanged shall thou be
For I tell the I wyll begynne with the.

Eugenio.

¶ Nay syr/ but herke what I shall the say
Here was one late this same daye
That dispraysed rychesse worldly
He sayd he that dothe forsake prosperytie
And take hym to wylfull pouerte
He shall haue ioy eternally.

Actio.

¶ What was he?

Eugenio.

¶ A doctour as semed me
He spake as holyly
As though god had ben his cosyne.

Actio.

¶ Ye but was he not myxed with hypocresy.

Eugenie.

No man/ he ſpake ſo goodly
He had almoſte chaunged my mode
I had thought to gyue awaye my goode
And than aſke my ſelfe for charytie.

Actio.

Why woldeſt thou haue bin ſo wytty
Naye thou arte a foole and thou wylte for any eggynge
Gyue away thyne owne good and goo thy ſelf a beggyng
For ſo wyll not I do yet truſt me.

Eugenio.

Syr he promeſt moche largely
That I ſhulde in ioye lyue euer
Where I ſhall dye neuer
Thus alſo he ſayd verely
That I ſhulde tele there no yll
And haue all that I deſyre wyll
And le god in his mateſtie
Alſo he promeſt me a greater hyre
That I ſhulde haue all that I wolde deſyre.

Actio.

I rede the laye that thought awaye
For mayſt thou not ſe all daye
That they that vſeth ſporte and playe
Lyueth at eaſe meryly
They haue moſte hertyeſt reſte
And fareth of the beſte
That thus ſpendeth theyr lyues in iolyte.

Eugenio.

Well than my wytte I wyll renewe
For I trowe thou ſayeſt full trewe
If I do it/ and afterwarde rewe it
As to gyue away my good

I trowe I ſhulde it forthynke
Without a cuppe than myght I drynke
For that purſe that ſowneth not trynke
His mayſter weareth a threde bare hode.

Actio.

Cee ye man/that is trewe in dede
But let vs go walke a ſpace
For yuell counſayle hyther wyll ſpede
That perſon I trowe he be voyde of all grace.

Eugenio.

Go we hence than in tyme
Haſtely we wyll come agayne
For Johan wyll be here by pryme
His ſermonde wolde I here fayne.

Yuell counſayle.

By your leaue let me come nere
What dothe all this company here
Where after is your gappynge
By oure ladye a mayſtere I haue ſoughte nye and farre
For ſythe I came fro Rocheſter
I haue ſpente all my wynnynge
By our lady I wyll no more goo to Couentry
For there knaues ſet me on the pylliry
And threwe egges at my hede
So ſore that my noſe dyd blede
Of whyte wyne galons thurty
Sometyme in London dyd I dwell
I was prentyſe with yuell counſell
And ſo men calleth me
I hope agayne to go thyder
Yf ſommer were come and fayre wether
And lyue full merely

I haue sought Englande thorowe and thorowe
Uyllage/towne/cytie/and borowe
With many a thousande bequeyntyd I am
As yll tongued churles/and many a proude gentyll man
That shrewdly roundeth many a pystell
Whan they in yonge wyues eeres dothe whystell
Of maters partaynyng to Uenus actes
With fayre flaterynge wordes and prety knackes
Both men and women they bryngе to lechery
Through me yuell counsayle to lyue in aduoutry
In Cornewall I haue ben and in Kent
Westmynster/saynt Katheryns/and in vnthryftes rent
There I rested very lately
Nowe fayne wolde I haue a mayster
That wolde do by my counsell
For though he spende and be a waster
To get money I can teache hym the crafte well.

Idelnesse.

What art thou tell me that speketh this.

Yuell counsayle.

Mary syr a man that wolde haue a seruys
Great nede haue I therto.

Idelnesse.

Why what seruyce canst thou do.

Iuell counsayle.

Bothe steale and lye/and on your erande go
To fette an other mannes wyfe to your bedde.

Idelnesse.

Ut I of suche thynges may be spedde
I am gladde that we be met.

Iuell counsayle.

In Englande shall nothing me let

With you wyll I byde for euer
But mayster haue ye any wyfe?
Idelnesse.
Ye mo than .xxb. by my lyfe
But some other men kepeth them for me.
Iuell counseyll.
Mary syr no force/it costeth you the lesse money
But you haue good chere whan you come.
Idelnesse.
Ye at meat I am mery/and at bed yf I lyste too playe.
Iuell counsayle.
Than theyr husbandes be out of the waye
Or els ye come not there.
Idelnesse.
Yes yes dayly/and make good chere
And not spyed at all/I haue suche policy.
Iuell counsayle.
I am gladde that ye be so wytty
And syr yf you wyll haue a fresshe lusty trull
I wyll get her you/or a huswyfe that can spyn a pounde
Idelnesse. (of woll
Than wyll we drynke wyne at the full
In one place yf thou canste helpe me.
Iuell counsayle.
I pray you tell me what is she.
Idelnesse.
An artyficers wyfe/a pryety woman.
Iuell counsayle.
Syr I wyll goo to my brother temptacion
And than to wanton youthe I wyll make a stacyon
For bytwene vs thre
Of her your pleasure ye shall haue hardely.

Idelnesse.

¶ Shall I go with you also.

Ruell counsayle.

¶ Ye syr and it please you so to do
Howe say you / haue not they mery lyues
That may kysse and kasse other mennes wyues
Lo iouthe is full of tolyte
But whan sawe you your brother sensualyte.

Idelnesse.

¶ Syr I lefte hym on the playne of Salysbyrs
He tolde me that he wolde lyfte
Some good felowe from his thryfte
And as I trowe somwhat he wyll gette
To make with the peny
Many one for theyr good do labour and swete
But he dothe not so / he getteth it lyghtly.

Ruell counsayle.

¶ Syr he dyd me a shreude turne as I you tell.

Idelnesse.

¶ I pray the shewe me howe it befell.

Ruell counsayle.

¶ The laste daye syr I wyste
The puttocke that he ware on his fyste
Wolde haue trode my henne
And vp I caught a rottocke
And byt hym on the buttocke
That there laye in a thenne.

Idelnesse.

¶ Wherby knowest thou that it was he.

Ruell counsayle.

¶ For he had a bell aboute his kne
And therby yche hym knewe.

I dyd hym holde in the wynde
Tyll at the laste he had his mynde
God gyue hym an yll pewe.

Idelnesse.

¶ And what meate dyd thou gyue hym
Say on hardely.

Ruell counsayle.

¶ Syre a fayre pece of baken
And a blacke bolle full of barly.

Idelnesse.

¶ By Jesu this is a gentyll meate for a hauke
To kepe byrdes thou art very connynge
Thy thryfte I trowe is layde a sonnynge
But tell me nowe where is thy wonnynge.

Ruell counsayle.

¶ Syr at the stewes is my moste abydynge
Otherwyle goynge / and somtyme rydynge
And yf the grounde be slypper and slydynge
In faythe I fall downe moselynge.

Idelnesse.

¶ What some pleasure than there areres
Beshrewe your heed bytwene your eeres.

Ruell counsayle.

¶ Nay syr it shall be yours and theirs
For whan a man hath inowe
Let hym parte with his neyghboures.

Idelnesse.

¶ It is thy desteny I trowe
For to be cladde all in breres
And ryde the horse with foure eeres.

Ruell counsayle.

¶ Nay syr not afore you.

For I loue yll to walter
I ryde in a saddyll/but ye shall ryde in a halter.
Idelnesse.
¶ In good faythe knaue thou shalte beare me a stryge.
Euell counsayle.
¶ And thou shalte haue another an I can hyt the a ryght.
Idelnesse.
¶ Why smytest thou not/come of.
Euell counsayle.
¶ Nay I trowe ye do but skoffe
But I wolde not for an hundred pounde fyghte with the.
Idelnesse.
¶ Why so tell me.
Euell counsayle.
¶ For I neuer fought with man but he deyde
And so shulde you and ye dyd my strokes abyde.
Idelnesse.
¶ Mary I had leuer thou were tyde
Thou arte as manly as yll cheuynge
Thou were a good bolde felowe to go a theuynge.
Euell counsayle.
¶ Well let vs go to vnthryftes a whyle hence
And let some other kepe resydence
For I dare laye theron.xl.pence
We shall haue a sermon or nyght.
Idelnesse.
¶ I trowe than he wyll come hyther
That layde fyrst In principio togyther.
Ambo.
¶ Go we/for we two wyll go thyder
There as we wyll make mery by this lyght.
Actio.
¶ A syr I haue ben longe awaye

I saye I wolde se you by the lyght dayes

Eugenio.

There hath be a fayre araye
Where we to haue be
There was layeng of the lawe
And all was not worthe a newe strawe
So god helpe me.

Actio.

Syr I sawe the wenche that dyde youre necke clawe
That bare in her hande a gay gewgawe
Me thaught it was lyke a pawe
Of a whytrynge
She helde me with a tale of tytemary tally
Tyll my thryfte was gone as quyte as a daily
God wote it is a nyce thynge.

Eugenio

Peace man/ye shall here a sermonyfacyon
Of the egle that syseth full hye
If he do here thy exclamacyon
He wyll make the to fye.

Actio.

Not in a strynge I trowe.
Peace for he is come nowe.

Johan the Euangelyst.

O men vnkynde/wretched and mortall
Herken to this perable that I shall tell.

Eugenio.

The herynge therof gyue you I shall.

Actio.

And I to do by your counsayle yf ye saye well.

Johan the Euangelyst.

Nowe I begynne/gyue good audience

Two men assended ones to a temple to maye
Theyr conuersacyon hauynge great difference
It was the Pharysien and the publycan I saye
Two ensamples by them perceyue we maye
The great pryde of the Pharyseye
Other mennes fautes he disprayled aye
And his owne counsayle hyd vnder false hewe
In the publycans prayers there was than
A great excellence of mekenesse
He dispysed hymselfe a wretched man
Thynkynge eche creature exceded hym in goodenesse
His fautes he dyd confesse
With great sorowe for his transgressyon
And in the pharyses prayer dyd expresse
Of full pryde and adulacyon
He prayde not/but prayled hymselfe there
Standyng vpryght with a perte face
The masse begynneth with Confiteor
And endeth with Deo gratias
Euyn the reuers he dyd in this case
There the masse endeth he beganne proudely
Makyng no confession of his trespas
But sayd (Deo gratias ago tibi)
In than he thanked god he was not to blame
But in that he thanked hym not with verye mekenesse
Thre speces of synne he rehersed by name
In whiche all synnes be comprehended expresse
By rauenours is vnderstande couetyse
In vnryghtfull to say pryde of hym than
In auoutry/all lechery that men can reherce
And thus he excused hym selfe/& sclaundred the publycan

I pay my tythes he sayd also
And so he dyd/but not of the beste
In that Cayme he was lyke to
For he sythed alway of the worste
Twyse in the weke he sayd he dyd faste
I to meate and drynke he dyd/but not fro vtterlye synne
And that is the faste that pleaseth god beste
But therat hypocrytes wyll not begynne
Agayne god he synned greuously
In that he tuskyfyed hym selfe so
And his euen Christen sclaundryng malycyously
(Tu testimonium perhiberis de teipso)
(Et testimonium tuum non est verum) I say so
Wherfore god dyd hym deuyde
Fro the nyne partes of aungels the tenth so
There Lucyfer is falle for his pryde
The gospell sayd/who doth hye hym shall be owe
All they that prayseth them selfe do synne be you sure
And so you cursed men do your cure
For by goddes iugement
Yf ye forsake not your synne be you sure
Ye ou go to hell/Wherfore repente.

Ambo.

I crye god mercy for myne offence
My wycked lyfe I do defye.

Eugenio.

Also I am sory of my negligence
Your doctryne I wyll folowe full mekely.

S. Johan the Euangelyste.

This sample god layth vs to
That we shulde consyder it wysely
Who demeth hym selfe good/is ferre there fro
And he that thynketh hymselfe synfullest is blyssed hardly

Thynke nowe that youre purpose was fette cursedlye
In synne thus to lede lyues vayne
Under colour of vertue/demyng your selfe good
You and all they that it dothe sustayne
Be worlde than the pharysey/mennes lawes are woode
Remembre this for the reuerence of hym ẏ dyed on roode
And to the lawes of the churche abyde euery man
And ye shall be parteners of Christes precyous bloode
And blessed of god as was the publycan
Thus yf ye wyll be stedfaste and trewe
Jesu wyll than with his grace you renewe
To that lordes blysse ye shall come all a
Qui viuit per infinita seculorum secula. Amen.

Finis.

Thus endeth the Enterlude of saynt Johan the Euangelyste. Imprynted at London in Foster laene by Johñ Waley.

BRITISH